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THE POUND STERLING.

SINCE we endeavoured to show what is Bi-metallism, the great Silver Question has continued to be discussed by some few who understand it, and by a great many who do not. A Royal Commission has been appointed, and is still pursuing its investigations, but has yet made no Report, while the volume of evidence it has so far published does not throw much additional light upon the subject. The problem to be solved is, how far has the depreciation of silver affected the purchasing power of gold and thus depressed prices? How far has the appreciation of gold affected the depreciation of silver? And is the restoration of silver to the position of an alternative standard of value with gold practicable and desirable? We are not going to discuss any of the branches of the problem here; but it may help our readers to a better understanding of its conditions, if we present some facts in the history of the Pound Sterling.

Ricardo, the great political economist, said that 'commodities measure the value of money, as money measures the value of commodities.' But, as commonly understood, money is the vehicle employed by communities for exchanging values; that is to say, it is in use not for its intrinsic value, but as a standard of value. It may have an intrinsic value, as we have seen before in the case of gold, but the intrinsic value is not necessarily the result of its employment as money. Bank-notes and promissory-notes—in other words, paper currency—express value, and are used to exchange values, but are not in themselves intrinsically valuable. The monetary system of a nation exists for the purpose of maintaining an acknowledged standard of value, and hence it becomes a matter of State importance and control. According to the law of England, by statute enacted in 1816, gold is the sole legal standard of value in this country. The Pound Sterling is the unit of value, and the Pound Sterling means now the sovereign of 123·27447 grains troy. The Mint price of gold fixed by law is £3, 17s. 10½d. per

ounce. Silver and copper coins are only tokens; that is to say, they may not be legally used to discharge debts above a small amount.

Mints are said to have been in existence before the time of Athelstan. At anyrate, in his reign (928) regulations were issued for the government of the Mint in London and of several provincial mints under its control. In the time of Edward I., the Mint was managed by Italians, as Englishmen do not seem to have then acquired the art of coining; and in the reign of Edward III., the operators were formed into a corporation by royal charter. It was in this reign that gold was first taken to the Mint for coinage; but of course gold coin was in use long before that. The Romans had gold coins two centuries before the Christian era; and it is possible that the Macedonians, three centuries earlier, also used gold. The Anglo-Saxons, however, only coined silver; and the first record of gold coins struck in England occurs in 1257.

Sovereigns were first minted in 1489, and guineas in 1663. The name of the latter coin was given because the gold from which it was made was brought by some African merchants from the coast of Guinea. When first struck, the guinea was value for twenty shillings; but by 1695 it had become value for thirty shillings. After that, it was reduced at different times, until, in 1717, it became as now understood, equivalent to twenty-one shillings. It is interesting to note that the first guineas bore the impression of an elephant, in token, doubtless, of their African origin. These coins, as they became scarce, rose again in nominal value—so much so, that in 1811 an Act was passed prohibiting their exportation, and also their sale at a higher price than twenty-one shillings. In 1817, sovereigns were again coined, and the issue of guineas was discontinued, and has never been resumed.

It is asserted by economists that the purchasing value of the sovereign increased about twenty-five per cent. between 1875 and 1885—that is to say, that in the latter year it was able to purchase as much as was obtainable for twenty-five shillings

in the former year. Other calculations show that within the last fifteen years the purchasing power of the sovereign has increased from twenty shillings to thirty shillings. This is what is meant by the 'appreciation of gold,' taking money in Ricardo's sense as the measure of value of commodities, and itself measured by commodities. The depreciation of prices and the appreciation of gold as the standard of value thus mean the same thing.

Now, the origin of the Pound Sterling was in this way. In the days of William the Conqueror, the management of the currency was in the hands of the Jews, who thoroughly understood the principles of money. They took a certain quantity of silver, of a weight known as the 'Tower pound,' which was something between a Roman pound and a pound troy. This was the standard of measurement, the unit of value. Out of this pound of silver were cut twenty separate coins, called shillings. Out of a shilling were then cut twelve separate coins, called pennies. The weight of the silver penny was a pennyweight—the two hundred and fortieth part of a 'Tower pound;' and this was the actual coin in circulation, for shillings were only nominally coined. These silver pennies weighed each one-twentieth part of an ounce, and in modern money would be worth about twopence-halfpenny each.

Previous to 1216, rents were paid mostly in kind, and in fact money was not to be found among the masses of the people at all. But in that year coin was made 'Sterling'—a word supposed by some to be derived from 'Easterling,' the name given to German traders in England noted for the pure quality of their money. Camden says: 'In the time of King Richard I., monie coined in the east parts of Germanie began to be of especial request in England for puritie thereof, and was called *Easterling monie*, as all the inhabitants of those parts were called *Easterlings*; and shortly after, some of the countrie skillfull in mint matters and alloys were sent into this realme to bring the coin to perfection; which since that time was called of them *Sterling*, for *Easterling*.' In Holinshed, we read that 'certain merchants of Norwaie, Denmarke, and of others those parties, called *Ostomanni*, or, as in our vulgar language we terme them, *Easterlings*, because they lie east in respect of us.'

The term Sterling was applied to what was called the 'money of account'—that is to say, to the pound computed as equivalent to twenty shillings, and the shilling as equivalent to twelve pence. Practically, the word 'Sterling' meant genuine and lawful, or, more properly speaking, legalised money.

The system thus introduced by the German Jews was in vogue down to the reign of Edward I., who banished the Jews from England. Their place as money merchants was taken by Italians; and Italians, as we have seen, were in charge of the coining operations at the Mint. The change is held by many not to have been one to our

advantage; at anyrate, the Italians are blamed for disordering and debasing the currency.

So far it will be seen that English Sterling money—the standard of value—was silver, and that the unit was the Tower pound-weight of that metal. A shilling was the twentieth, and a penny the two hundred and fortieth, part of the unit—and the nominal value of the coins corresponded with the real value. The Italians introduced gold for coinage purposes, and the whole system had to be altered. In or about 1300, the Pound Sterling ceased to be a pound-weight of silver; for the Tower pound, instead of being divided into twenty parts, called shillings, or two hundred and forty parts, called pennies, was divided into thirty or forty parts, still called shillings, although twenty shillings was still called a Pound Sterling. After this, money was measured by *tale*—that is, by the number of pieces—and not by weight. A Pound Sterling was no longer a pound-weight of sterling silver; and in subsequent reigns the metal itself was debased by the mixture of alloys, so as to increase the circulating medium at the expense of the people.

There was, of course, at first no standard for the new gold coinage introduced by the Italians, and gold coins had to be estimated in silver. The ratio was constantly changing; and it was not until 1717 that it was fixed by law. Then, by the advice of Sir Isaac Newton, the guinea was decreed to be equivalent to twenty-one silver shillings, on the assumption that in the open market the gold in a guinea would exchange for the silver in twenty-one shillings. Silver, however, was still the standard of value; and gold, as it will be seen, had to take its valuation from the quantity of silver it would purchase. In time, the position was reversed, and gold became the standard by which everything, including silver, was measured. A Pound Sterling is now the sovereign, weighing, as we have said, 123.27447 grains troy of gold of a certain 'standard fineness'—which means twenty-two parts of pure gold to two of alloy.

The fixing of the guinea as a twenty-one shilling piece has given rise to a great deal of controversy, especially in later times, when the currency question has been so hotly debated. It was expressly stated in the royal proclamation that it was because of the over-valuation of gold, which 'has been a great cause of carrying out and lessening the species of the silver coins, which is highly prejudicial to the trade of this kingdom.' But the silver pound may be said to have co-existed with the gold pound until about the beginning of the present century, when it was enacted that silver coins should not be legal tender for debts exceeding forty shillings. This was Lord Liverpool's scheme, and besides reducing the legal tender power of silver, it also established gold as the sole unit of value.

The Pound Sterling, which, as we have seen, was a pound-weight of pure silver, is now represented by a gold coin whose value is fixed by law at the rate of £3, 17s. 10½d. per ounce of gold bullion. A pound-note, which is the paper form of currency of the Pound Sterling, is founded not upon a pound-weight of silver or an equivalent weight in gold, but upon the gold sovereign, in which it is redeemable on demand. Stated

otherwise, it may be said that the Pound Sterling, which was formerly an actual tangible thing, is now a mere figure of speech. But none of us object to the unlimited repetition of its expression!

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LVI.—A LAST TRIAL.

JOSEPHINE sat on a bench behind the *Maggie* with little Bessie in her arms, looking out seaward. There was a good deal of cloud in the sky, but torn, with intervals of sky, through which the sun poured a rain of white light over the water. Seen from the great height of the cliffs, the Atlantic looked like a silvery-gray, quivering sheet of satin, with folds of gray, and flashes and flakes and furls of brilliant white. About the headland of Pentargon, or King Arthur's Head, the breakers tossed, and the water was converted into milk. In the bay, under the cliffs, the gulls were noisy, and their voices, in laughter or objurgation, were re-echoed by the black precipices, multiplied and magnified, till, looking on, one wondered that so much and such strange sound should come from the flying flakes of white that glanced here and there. The wind was from the west; it had not brushed land since it left Labrador; but it had lost its chill and harshness in passing over these endless tracts of ocean; though it blew so strongly that it lifted and would have carried away an unsecured hat, there was a warmth and mellowness in it that divested it of all severity. It was like the reproof of a mother, charged with love and working betterment.

The horizon was full of change and mystery, now dark as a mourning-ribbon, now clear and white as that of a bride; now it was a broad belt, then a single thread; now melting into the sky, then sharp against it. Far away, it was blotted out by a blur of falling rain, or shadow from a cloud; and here again by a veil of sunlight that was let down between the clouds, hiding all behind.

The air was full of music—the roar of the sea, in varied pulsations, and the pipe and flute among the grass and seabent on the down, and the hiss of the sand-grains that were caught and turned over and rolled along in the bare patches. Near the extreme verge of the precipice, where the soil was crumbly, and a false step would plunge into destruction, the sheep were lying at ease, dozing, waking now and then, and approaching the sweet grass to nibble, then going back to the edge of the precipice to sleep again; for the sheep have ascertained that, with a wind on shore, the edge of the cliff is the most sheltered spot; the wind hurling itself against the crag, is beaten upwards and curls over, and falls farther inland, just as might a wave. Consequently, in a heavy gale, partial stillness of air is found at the cliff edge.

Josephine wore a dark-blue dress, and over her head was a handkerchief, pinned beneath her chin. Bessie lay, silent in her lap, with her head on Josephine's bosom, and her thin-drawn face looking seaward. Josephine also was silent; she also was looking seaward. Her face was

greatly changed since we first saw her on the lightship. Then she was girlish, with mischief and defiance in her splendid eyes, and life glowing in her veins, showing through her olive skin. Then, there was promise in her of a handsome woman, full of spirit and self-will; of a clever woman, who could keep a circle of men about her, charmed, yet wincing, at her wit and humour. But the Josephine who sat on the bench of the *Maggie* was not the same. The promise was unfulfilled. The girlishness was gone. The self-confidence had made way for timidity; the defiance in her great dark eyes was exchanged for appeal. There was no mischief more lurking anywhere, in the eyes, in the dimples of the cheek, in the curve of the lips; but there was an amount of nobleness, and mixed with gentleness, great resolution, marked in all the features. It was like the nature of that west wind that they inhaled—strong yet tender, direct yet infinitely soft, soothing, healing, loving, strengthening—and pure.

Josephine had gone through a long ordeal, to which she had subjected herself, and from which there seemed no issue. Spiritually, morally, it had done her good; but it had not advanced her towards that end which she sought—at least so it seemed to her. She was no nearer to Richard Cable than she had been. If he conferred on her a boon, it was in such a manner as to rob it of all the grace of a gift and of all the hope it might carry.

What a fascination there is in looking at the sea! Even the most vulgar soul is affected by it. On the sea-border we are on the frontier of the infinite. The sight of the ocean is like the sound of music calling forth the soul from the thoughts of to-day, from its cage-life to freedom, and an unutterable yearning after what is not—the Perfect. At the sight of the sea, all the aspirations long down-trodden, long forgotten, lift up their hands again, and stretch out of the dust of sordid life. All the sorrows of the past, scarred over, break out and bleed again, the blood running down drop by drop, warm, soothing, yet painful. All the generous thoughts that have been pared down and disfigured into mean acts, shake off their disguise, reassume their original dignity, and master us. All the unrealities, the affectations, which have bound us about, break away, and we stand forth fresh and natural and true. All the selfishness, the contraction of interest to one miserable point, discovers its unworthiness, and the heart swells with a charity that has no bounds.

I have seen those who have taken novels out on the downs to read, sit hour by hour looking seaward, with the novel unread on the lap. The sea was the great reality, the infinite truth waking up in their minds a thousand thoughts and emotions, drawing them out, withering the base, and bracing the true. It showed them in their own selves all the elements of the noblest romance; it revealed to them the true hero or heroine, in themselves, in the ideal, towards which they should ever strive, and in the pursuit of which work out the grandest of romances, which is not a romance, but a great reality.

So Josephine sat looking seaward, and thinking without knowing that she thought, and on her lap lay little Bessie thinking, as her eyes looked

seaward, and not knowing that she was thinking. In Goethe's ballad the Erle-king calls to the child, uttering promises; and the father who bears the child does not hear the voice, and shudders at the thought that his child may be lured away. The sea—the infinite sea, called to the child and to her who held the child with a voice that both heard—a voice full of promise, but full of mystery as to what it promised.

The bench on which Josephine sat was made of old wreck-timber, and at the sides stood the curved ribs of a ship or boat, meeting overhead, and boarded in, so as to form a rude arbour. The sides cut off the wind, when it did not blow directly on shore, and the seat was a meeting-place for the coastguard. As Josephine sat here, a man came round the corner of the house and approached the place where she sat. She did not see him because of the planks that framed in the seat. Five minutes after, another man appeared in like manner round the other angle of the house, and came towards her arbour, and he also was unseen as he drew nigh, for the same reason. The first who came was Richard Cable, and he came to see Bessie. As already said, he had not been to the *Maggie* since she had been there; but of late a great uneasiness had come over him. He remembered what his mother had said, as he moved to Red Windows—that he laid his foundations in his first-born, and set up the gates in his youngest. In his troubled mind the fancy rose that he had lost his first-born—her love, at least, by thwarting her, and ruined her happiness; and that he was about to lose his poor little Bessie in another way. He had struggled against this impression, against his desire to see her, how she was progressing, to assure himself that the fear that weighed on him was unfounded. At length he had ridden over; and having heard from Mrs Corye that Josephine was with the child on the bench, he went in search of her; very reluctant to meet Josephine, and very desirous to see his child. He stood screened by the side of the bench, gray wooden wreck-timber planks, carved over with initials, listening for Bessie's voice, waiting for her to run out on the down, when he would go after her, catch her up in his arms, and carry her off, without having to face Josephine.

At first he doubted whether those he sought were there; but there was a round knot-hole in one of the planks, and on looking through that, he saw Josephine, and the little girl leaning on her bosom. Josephine's profile was clean cut against the sky, noble, fine, and beautiful; but he could not see from that silhouette how changed the face was. As he thus stood, now looking through the hole at Josephine and Bessie, then, caught by the fascination of the sea, looking out seaward, losing himself in dreams full of trouble and pain and froth and brine, there passed a flicker of sunlight over the rolling ocean, like a skein of floss-silk of the purest white blown along the gray surface, and caught and spread by the inequalities, and then lifted and carried on again by the wind. He looked at this till it disappeared, and as he looked, his sense of time passed away, and he knew not how long he had been standing there, unable to muster courage to present himself before those who sat so near him and yet were parted from him. As he thus

stood, leaning back against the wall, another man came round the house, from the opposite side, and ensconced himself on the other side of the arbour. This was Mr Cornellis. He had driven up to the *Maggie* five minutes after the arrival of Cable, and had inquired for Josephine, not by name, but as 'the young person staying here with one of Cable's children.' He had been to St Kerian, and had there learned where she was and what she was doing; and had come on to the *Maggie* after her. But, as he had heard from Mrs Corye that Richard had himself gone in the same direction a few minutes before, he contented himself with slipping round the corner and planting himself beside the bench, screened by the side, where he thought he might stand unobserved and hear what took place before he showed himself.

So Josephine sat on the old bench with the ribs of a wreck arching over her, planked in on both sides, and the sick child on her lap, both silent, both lost in a day-dream; and on each side of her, unknown to her, stood a man with whom she was intimately allied, and yet from both of whom she was widely parted—her father and her husband. She knew nothing of their proximity; she had not heard their steps on the turf; and the wind that blew into the arbour, filled it and whirled about in it, and hummed and piped and broke out into song, and sank into sobs, and pulled at the timbers, making them creak, and sought out their rifts, to whistle through them, so that she could hear no slight sound outside that rude orchestral shell.

Mr Cornellis leaned back against the wall, with his hands behind him, as a protection to his coat, and looked out to sea; but on him, on him alone of the four, the fascination had no power. The same wondrous expanse, the same travelling glories and obscurities, the same mysterious depths and distances, and glimpses into further far-away, and screens veiling the far-off, the same call of the many-voiced ocean in one great harmonious song—passing over the mind of Mr Cornellis, not even as a breath over a mirror that leaves a momentary trace—it affected him not at all, for the faculty was dead in him, if it had ever existed—the faculty of responding to the hidden things of nature. One deep calleth to another deep, sang David, sitting on the hill-slope of Bethlehem, looking away west to the Mediterranean, as the sight of the sea woke in his soul a consciousness of the Divine, of the Eternal; and the deep sea still calls to the deep in every human soul that has depth; only to the shallow puddles does it call in vain.

Where the planks were joined on the side where stood Mr Cornellis, a little rift remained. The planks had not fitted originally, or had warped after having been nailed to the stanchions. Through this cleft he looked, and he could see his daughter. He could not see the face of the child on her bosom; but he saw the head over her arm, and the golden hair in dimpled waves flowing down upon Josephine's dark-blue dress, and the parting on the top of the head, and just a strip of white brow.

Then both men heard the clear, beautiful voice of Josephine raised in song:

O wie wogt es, wie wogt es, so schön auf der Fluth,

and looking in, saw her swaying the sick Bessie in her arms to the rhythm of the melody.

Cable saw more—he saw the delicate, transparent hand of his child raised, stroking the cheek of her nurse, and then—the song of the mermaid was interrupted as Josephine turned her lips and kissed the little hand.

Josephine did not continue the song, but said: 'Bessie, can you kneel on my lap, and let me tell you something?'

The child did not answer in words; she had become very silent of late—the closeness, the reserve of her father was showing itself as an inherited characteristic in her. But though she did not speak, she acted; she raised her head, put her hands on Josephine's shoulders, and knelt on her lap, opposite her, still resting a hand on each shoulder of her nurse. The wind blew in, took her golden hair, and swept it forward towards the face of Josephine; and Josephine was obliged to make her hold her head away, lest the hair should spread itself over her face and obscure her eyes and prevent her from speaking.

'My dear Bessie,' she said in a voice full of gentleness and sweetness, and with a tremble in it that now never left it, 'I must tell you something. I cannot let you coax me, and pat my cheek and kiss me, as you so often do, without your knowing to whom you show this love.'

Then Cable's brows knitted. Josephine was going to betray the trust imposed on her, to tell the child that she was her stepmother, and to implant in Bessie's mind the suspicion that her father had been unjust to one who was kind and good. He took a step forward to leave his hiding-place and prevent the disclosure; but he thought better of his resolution, and desisted. He must not provoke a scene which would agitate his child.

'Bessie,' said Josephine, 'I do not think your father would wish you to be so dear and sweet to me, to let me think you loved me, and remain in ignorance of what should be told.'

'She is false also,' thought Cable; 'she *knows* I do not wish it.'

'My darling,' continued Josephine, 'look me full in the face—look with your blue eyes straight into mine, whilst I tell you something, and I shall be able to read in your eyes what you think.' She paused, and drew a long breath. 'You know, my pretty pet,' said Josephine, 'how you suffer in your back, how that you have always—that is, since you can remember—been a sickly child; that you have not been able to play with your sisters like those who are strong; that you have had much pain to bear, and many sleepless nights. You know that now you are very weak and soon tired, and you do not care to talk much or take exercise, but to lie quiet on my breast and look at the sea. My dear, I also like to look at the sea; and the sea has been talking to me, and telling me to be true—always true, and deal openly, and never hide what should be known, and reap what has not been sown by me. That is why I want to tell you this thing now, which has been kept secret from you. Do you know why you are infirm and in pain, with a suffering life instead of a life joyous and painless?'

'I do not know,' said Bessie.

'No one has told you?'

The child shook her head, and as she did so, the

wind caught her yellow hair and wrapped it about her face, so that she was obliged to let go her hold of Josephine's shoulder with one hand, to thrust back her curls behind her ears.

'May I have your blue kerchief with the white spots,' asked Bessie, 'to tie over my head? The hair blows into my eyes, and I cannot see you.'

Then Josephine unknotted the kerchief from her own head—the knot was under her chin—and tied it over the golden head of little Bessie. How was it that, in some dim way, the sight of that blue, white-spotted kerchief was familiar to Richard? 'It is an old pocket-handkerchief of your father's,' said Josephine, 'and covers you best, as his love is spread over your head—not over mine.'

Then Richard remembered the handkerchief, and the mockery with which once Josephine had spoken of it.

'When your father left Hanford, where he once lived—that was when you were quite a baby, and you remember nothing about it—then he left this kerchief behind, and I have kept it ever since.'

'Were you there then?'

'Yes.'

'Why did papa leave that place for St Kerian?'

'Because, in the first place, the cottage at St Kerian came to him from your great-uncle; and in the next, he had very painful associations with Hanford.'

'You knew him there?'

'Yes—and it was there that the sad accident happened which has made you a sufferer.'

Cruel, cruel Josephine! always wounding! She was about now to tell his daughter how he had let her fall when he was drunk, and so to turn away the child's heart from him. Thus were his mother's words likely to come true; he had thrown away the heart of his eldest, and the heart of his youngest was to be plucked from him. He set his elbow against the wall, and his fingers he thrust through his hair, and he looked with eyes that gleamed with remorse and anger through the knot-hole at Josephine.

Then she went on, in her low voice, that quivered as sunlight on the surface of water: 'Look me well in the face, dear Bessie, and do not take your eyes off mine. You shall know the truth now, from my lips. The reason why you have a bad back and an unhappy life is this—that you were let fall on a hard stone floor, when you were a baby, and your bones soft and not full set. That is the secret that has not been told you. You were born sound and strong as Mary and Jane and Effie and Martha, and the rest; and now you would be able to run about like the rest, and be strong, and have no pain, but for that fall.—Well?' The great brown eyes of Josephine looked into the blue eyes of the child, inquiringly. 'Have you nothing to ask? Do you not want to know where the guilt lies of ruining all your sweet and precious life?'

Bessie shook her head, and her golden hair did not flutter, but the end of the blue, white-spotted kerchief, with R. C. marked on it, flapped in the wind.

The brow of Cable was drawn and corded like rope, and his knees shook under him with convulsive agitation. Should he now step forth at this supreme moment and arrest the word on the heartless, venomous woman's lips?

Then in the same low, quivering tones, but yet so clear that Richard lost not one word, Josephine went on: 'It was my doing, Bessie. I—and I alone am to blame for all your suffering; and that is also why your father left Hanford—to take you away from me.'

Not a wink, not a contraction of the iris in the child's blue orbs.

'Some one,' said Josephine, 'said to me that when you were told this, you would hate me, and raise your little fists and beat my eyes till they were blind with blood and tears.'

Then little Bessie let go her hold of Josephine's shoulders, and threw her arms about her neck, and platted the white fingers in her dark hair, and kissed her passionately on the eyes, and then laid her little head on one of Josephine's shoulders, and looked up into her eyes and said: 'But—I am glad it was you, and I love you a thousand times better.'

Out seaward was a long, hard-edged, black roller coming on to the shore, looking as black and hard as the iron rocks against which it was about to fling itself. But at one point the crest broke and turned into foam; at another point far away in the same wave-crest, another white foam-head appeared; and from each side the foam ran inward, and it seemed as if they must meet and turn the whole long wave into one white breaker. But no! There heaved up between the approaching lines of foam a yeasty heap of water, into which the advancing wave dissolved, and lost its continuity. Richard looked seaward at this roller. Little matters determine our actions in moments of indecision. Had the foam-lines met, he would have stepped forward, and an immediate reconciliation might have ensued. But the failure in the wave broke down the dawning desire for reunion, and he stole away back to the inn without a word.

As he left, Mr Cornellis stood forth, and saw him go, and in another moment confronted his daughter and Bessie. But Cable went into the *Maipie* and ordered his horse. Then said Mrs Corye to him: 'I suppose you can't carry a parcel? The young woman has done all the seven confirmation dresses, and they are tied up in a parcel, ready to be sent to St Kerian.'

'Give them to me,' said Cable; 'I will take them in front of my saddle.'

When Josephine caught sight of her father, she sprang up with a cry of pleasure and with a flushed face, placed Bessie on the seat and ran to him with outstretched arms. She was so poverty-stricken in love, that she hailed with delight the appearance of one to whom she was tied with the tenderest bands. 'O papa! how kind of you to come and see me! Oh! how is dear Aunt Judith? I have not seen her for so long, and I do love her so! O papa! this is a pleasure.' She held his hand in both hers and wrung it and kissed it, and wept with delight.

'I have come to fetch you home,' said Mr Cornellis. 'Your Aunt Judith is expecting you, and I want you.'

'Papa!' exclaimed Josephine suddenly, 'you are in mourning—deep mourning. What has happened?'

'My dear, I have lost my wife. You know that I married Miss Otterbourne, who was twenty years older than myself. She has not lived long.

The complete change in the modes of life, after she had settled into old-maidish ways, broke her up very quickly.'

'O papa, papa! And where are you now?'

'At Bewdley, my dear.'

'But that goes to Captain Sellwood.'

'Not at all. She had free disposal of her property, and she has left everything to me.'

'But—it is not fair.'

'I do not ask your opinion in this matter,' he said coldly; 'I have come to fetch you home. Judith is getting old and failing, and I want you to manage the house.'

'But—papa—I cannot leave.'

'Why not? Richard Cable will have nothing to say to you. Has he given you the least encouragement?'

She was silent.

'Do you know that he overheard all that passed between you and the child just now? Had he desired a reconciliation, he would have sought it. He did not. He never will. Give up this absurd and hopeless Don Quixote pursuit, and come with me. I am now very well off. You were at Bewdley as a servant; you come back as mistress. I have packed off the worthless crew of domestics and hangers-on who preyed on the old lady. Come back with me. You have done more than was necessary to satisfy that fellow Cable; and as he still rejects you, show him proper pride, and leave him to himself.'

'Papa!—she breathed fast—'you are rich now?'

'Yes, very.'

'Then, oh, do repay the insurance.'

He gave her a look, so evil, so full of rage and malice, that she turned sharply about to see Bessie.

He did not speak again; he went away without another word or look, and left without a parting message through the hostess.

Not so Cable.

When Josephine came in, Mrs Corye pointed to the table, on which something was scrawled in chalk. 'Look there,' she said. 'He—I mean Cable—wrote that for you, and when you've read it, wipe it out.'

On the table was inscribed: 'Thursday—bring Bessie. Friday—confirmation.' That was all.

THE REVIVAL OF SMUGGLING.

BY A REVENUE OFFICER.

THE discoveries of private stills, and the detections of smuggling operations, which have of late years been the subject of frequent announcements in the newspapers, point to the revival of practices which it was considered had almost been abandoned by the inhabitants of these countries. In one district in Inverness-shire, nineteen illicit distilleries have been discovered within the last five years by the revenue officers; and numerous cases of the same kind have occurred elsewhere in Scotland and in Ireland. The revival of this form of smuggling is due in great measure to the facilities with which the materials used in the manufacture of spirits can be procured. Many persons who are well acquainted with the finished article in the shape of whisky, are not perhaps

aware that the grain from which British spirits are made must have gone through—either wholly or in part—an extended process of preparation called malting. This process consists in steeping the grain in water for about forty-eight hours; allowing it to remain in a heap until it germinates; spreading it out on a floor for seven or eight days, to regulate the growth of the rootlet; drying it on a kiln; and finally, grinding or crushing it in a mill.

The process of malting requires a variety of appliances and circumstances, which proved a serious obstacle in the way of the illicit distiller when the law prohibited the manufacture of malt except under the supervision of revenue officials. The smuggler sometimes effected the preliminary operation of steeping by depositing the sacks of grain in a bog or mountain morass, sometimes in concealed cisterns made for the purpose. A lonely 'bothy' or a loft in a dwelling-house was used for the germinating process; and where a friendly miller could not be resorted to for drying and grinding, secret kilns were constructed, and the grain crushed between a rude kind of rollers. But the presence of grain undergoing the malting process is easily known by its peculiar smell, and to prevent its detection by the practised nose of the 'gauger' was a matter which required caution and skill. The mills and kilns to which smugglers might resort for accomplishing the final stages in the preparation of grain for distillation, were frequently inspected by the revenue officers, and heavy penalties inflicted on the owners if malted grain was found on their premises.

As an instance of the difficulties connected with illicit malting, the following story is told on the authority of a Perthshire farmer, who in his early days practised this branch of smuggling. He had on one occasion a quantity of barley in the germinating stage on a loft in his house, when he learned that the excise officer and his men were in the neighbourhood, on the lookout for offenders like himself. Gathering all the hands available on the premises, he had the grain put in sacks and hastily conveyed to a neighbouring wood. As he anticipated, the officer paid his house a visit, but went away apparently satisfied that all was correct. As soon as it was considered that he was clear of the coast, all hands were summoned again, and the grain was brought back. Our friend retired to bed congratulating himself that he had eluded the minions of the law, but awoke to find his enemies at the gate, and in a short time saw them laying violent hands on his concealed property. For this offence he was sentenced to pay a fine. Resolved, however, to pay it at the expense of the revenue, he set about 'running' another floor of malt, was detected a second time, and committed to Perth jail for forty days—a mode of treatment which convinced him that honesty, if not, in his opinion, the best, was at anyrate the safest policy, and henceforth he eschewed all smuggling operations.

It will be seen that the preparation of the grain was a great obstacle in the way of the private distiller producing the finished article. This obstacle was removed by the abolition of the malt duty in 1880. The manufacture of malt, duty-free, for distillation was allowed before that year, but under the strictest surveillance. Malt intended for use in the manufacture of beer was

subject to a duty of two shillings and tenpence-halfpenny per bushel. By the Beer Act of 1880 this duty was transferred to the beer itself, and thereafter all malt could be made without official supervision of any kind. The consequence is that the smuggler can purchase or prepare the materials for distillation without let or hindrance. That advantage is taken of this is apparent from the frequent detections of private distilleries. Smuggling of this nature, however, possesses few of the exciting elements formerly connected with it. The illicit trader of the 'good old times' defended his property and 'plant' with courage and obstinacy, when discovered; and it sometimes happened that the excisemen had to retire vanquished even when supported by the military. The modern offender usually decamps when he is about to be detected, leaving the officers the somewhat barren triumph of seizing or destroying his apparatus. A few instances have occurred of late where a slight show of resistance was made to the invading force; but a successful attempt to defeat the law by force is out of the question nowadays. It sometimes happens, however, that the smuggler, if not altogether successful in baffling his persecutors, outwits them in a way that does credit to his ingenuity. An instance of this occurred a few years ago in a certain district in Scotland. A man had been engaged for a considerable time in illicit distillation. Aware, however, that detection would overtake him some time or other, satisfied with the luck he had experienced so long, and having all but worn out his distilling utensils, he went boldly to the supervisor of the district and offered, in exchange for a pecuniary consideration of greater value than his worn-out plant, to communicate the whereabouts of an illicit distillery. The bargain was struck; and the supervisor discovered, when it was too late—the informer having left the neighbourhood—that he had been sold by the smuggler!

The disposal of the spirits when made is a matter that requires the greatest care on the part of the illicit trader, and can only be done by the connivance of the people of the district. The depressed state of trade and agriculture in recent years has no doubt induced the small farmers and cottars of some districts to purchase whisky that can be supplied to them at one-third the price which the legal trader requires. In former times, the smuggler found ready customers in the remote country publicans; but not many of this class exist now, and of those that remain, few venture on the purchase of spirits which, from their bad quality, are acceptable only to the lowest class of drinkers, and the possession of which it is difficult to conceal from the officers of the revenue. The smuggler is consequently compelled to dispose of his stock in small quantities for direct consumption. Sooner or later, information of his proceedings leaks out; his business prospects are suddenly terminated by the capture of his premises and seizure of his property, while the persistent efforts of the excise officials to make his personal acquaintance render it necessary for him to seek a home elsewhere. It may be safely predicted, therefore, that—unless the revenue authorities remove their officers to too great a distance from the haunts of the smuggler—even the increased facilities which

he now possesses for obtaining his materials will not lead to the continuance of a practice attended with so many risks; and the revival of smuggling is probably only a prelude to its final abandonment.

THE OLD SECRETAIRE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER II.

MORE than half a century had passed since Arundel Secretan had been found with the rapier in his heart, and the west wing had still remained tenanted by the rats and mice and the shade of the unfortunate gambler. Again the Yule-log stood without the door; there was a pleasant sound of laughter in the great hall, for the snow was falling thickly on the bare oaks and pines and dashing against the casement. Inside, all was light and warmth, a huge fire burning on the tiled hearth, rugs and skin-mats scattered about with all kinds of comfortable lounges, from a settee, borrowed from the drawing-room, to the beehive straw-chair, purloined for the moment from the kitchen. Holly and mistle-toe gleamed everywhere, from ancient pictures and chain-mail, to the seventeenth-century clock ticking on the stairs. For some moments the merry party were silent, listening cosily to the snow beating on the lattice. Presently, Ada Secretan, sole daughter of the house, roused herself from the contemplation of the cheery blaze to give a fresh turn to the conversation.

'We are here for a whole fortnight,' she said. 'In my limited recollection, I distinctly remember being snow-bound here for fifteen days. Suppose this should happen again, my sisters, cousins, and aunts!'

A golden head shimmered in the light for a moment, and a low rapturous voice was heard to ejaculate the single monosyllable 'Jolly!' But the rest of the party became suddenly grave at the bare idea of such a calamity.

'Don't imagine it's slow,' came another mysterious voice out of the gloom, 'because it isn't. I was snowed up in Scotland for nearly a week, once. I never enjoyed myself so much in my life.'

'What did you do, Connie?' asked golden-head from her corner, sleepily.

'Heaps of things, my dear. First of all, we ransacked the place from top to bottom—such a deliciously quaint old house, with old cupboards in all sorts of queer places, and ghostly passages—oh! Then, of course, we had charades and theatricals.'

'We might have theatricals here, Ada,' suggested the girl addressed as Connie, though better known to the world of fashion as the Hon. Constance Lumley, 'if any of the gentlemen are equal to writing a farce.'

'I have been expecting this,' said a man's voice resignedly, apparently belonging to a pair of knickerbockers and homespun hose, half hidden in the beehive chair. 'Of course, you have all forgotten my existence utterly, and equally, of course, I am expected to volunteer my services as author and stage-manager.'

'Oh, Mr Warren, how delightful!' cried a grateful chorus. 'After writing for the London stage, it will be child's-play to make us a little play.'

'Amateurs are so easily satisfied!' continued the dramatist dryly, the hero of more than one successful comedy. 'All you have to do is to give them all leading parts, and there you are, you know!'

'And pretty dresses,' murmured golden-head, intensely interested.

'And pretty frocks, Miss Wynne.—What do you say to attempting something of the *Rivals* and *School for Scandal* type? It would save a vast amount of stagework; and surely, in a jolly old house like this, we might hunt up picturesque costumes enough.'

In spite of his affected cynicism, Frank Warren was by this time as much in love with his own scheme as the bevy of fair listeners. With a dexterity born of long practice, he sketched out rapidly the outline of a plot, which he submitted to his hearers, and which they accepted with fervent if subdued applause. Though the snow beat upon the casement, drifting higher round the laurel and barberry in the drive, there was no repining at the weather in the ancient hall, where the firelight fell fitfully upon a ring of fair flushed faces gathered round the oracle.

'Your brother is expected this evening, Miss Secretan?'—Ada nodded assent.—'And with myself, not forgetting our host and Colonel Lucas, will be enough. Of course, we shall not all be able to play in this piece; but those who don't, can take a part in the *tableaux vivants* afterwards.'

'*Tableaux vivants*, and a play afterwards!' exclaimed Miss Lumley, throwing herself back in a pretended ecstasy of admiration. 'Glorious!—Ada, my dear child, with all your picturesque ancestors and lovely ancestresses, you must have some splendid dresses somewhere.'

'Tradition says there are some in the west wing,' Ada Secretan replied; 'though, candidly, I have never had courage to go there and look for myself. The Haunted Chamber is there.'

'Do you boast a Haunted Chamber?' Warren asked with some curiosity.

As the outer shadows fell, the wind gathered strength in the pines; it grew dark inside in the early gloaming, till nothing but the firelight remained. It was the hour and season for a romantic legend, fresh to some of them, and they gathered closer round the ruddy blaze while Ada Secretan told the story. By the time she had finished, darkness had fallen, and the listeners were very silent. 'And all this happened,' concluded the narrator, 'not sixty years ago.'

'Was the west wing habitable then?' Warren asked presently. 'You can understand the interest I take in this pitiful story. For,' continued the speaker, in a higher key, 'Edgar Warren of the story is my ancestor. Indeed, I am the first Warren who has crossed this threshold since that fatal night.'

'The wing was falling into decay; but still it must have been a pleasant place in the summer-time; and in it were the suite of rooms set aside for the eldest son of the house from time immemorial. Since that night, I don't think any of us have set foot in the wing.'

'It seems a pity to let such lovely old rooms lie idle,' mused Miss Wynne. 'Though I can understand how little your great-grandfather cared for them.'

'He cared a great deal more than people thought,' Ada replied. 'In spite of his apparent harshness and severity, he was very fond of his son, and bitterly disappointed by his dishonourable conduct. He did not live very long afterwards, when Alice Secretan died; and before his decease, he had the entrance to the west wing nailed up; and not a soul has ever set foot in the building since his death.'

'Well, that's a strange way of showing grief,' Warren exclaimed irreverently. '—And what about Clive, the young son and heir?'

'He was taken in good hands, and the estate carefully nursed during his long minority—a fortunate thing for us, as it turned out afterwards. He married at twenty-one that foreign-looking lady who hangs up over the staircase there; and broke his neck at twenty-three over some foolish wager, just in time to save everything from utter ruin; and,' concluded the fair narrator candidly, 'that is really the reason why the west wing has never been restored to its pristine glory.'

'In that case, Mr Secretan has no foolish—that is, no reverence for his ancestor's strange taste,' Warren remarked. 'If your grandfather had not been a friend of "the first gentleman in Europe," that part of Woodside would have been restored long ago! Would he mind some of us exploring it?'

The questioner, at some one's instigation, emptied a bucket of pine-knots on the sullen wood-ashes, and roused up a ruddy blaze, roaring and spluttering up the wide open chimney. Rugs and chairs were brought closer round, and a little gipsy table set in the midst. A solemn footman deposited a tray containing gleaming silver and fragile china on the wicker-stand, and vanished. For a time at least, the spell cast over them all by the legend was broken, and a babel of nimble tongues broke loose. Warren raised himself with a great show of reluctance from his shadowy retreat and stood waiting at Ada Secretan's right hand; for at these cosy afternoon teas they had voted the presence of servants a restraint, and the feeling in favour of self-help was unanimous and voluntary. Presently, when every fair one had been supplied according to her needs, the dramatist drew a chair closer to the youthful chatelaine's side, speaking in a low key. 'You don't know how your little romance has interested me,' said he, 'especially the recollection of my ancestor, Edgar Warren. Talk about having no poetry in real life, with a Haunted Chamber, and a mysterious mansion sealed and barred for nearly sixty years! Miss Secretan, I must have a ramble through these rooms, if I commit burglary to do it.'

'So far as that goes, I do not see why all of us should not go. It will certainly have the merit of being a novel Christmas amusement.'

'Then you really think Mr Secretan will consent?'

'Consent to what?' cried a voice behind, bringing with the owner a gust of cold moist air and a general sense of snow and discomfort.—

'What is the last mad scheme I am to consent to, eh! pussy?'

Warren looked up with serio-comic disgust into Mr Secretan's face, or at least as much as could be seen of it under a shooting-cap with the flaps carefully tied under the ears, and a mackintosh from foot to collar. A little snow collected on his boots and gaiters melted in the warmer atmosphere, and trickled across the polished oak floor.

'You have been sitting over the fire, you lazy young people, till you are all of you half asleep. If you really won't have lamps, ring for some more wood, so that I can see where the mischievous ones are.'

Warren rang the bell, and politely offered to relieve his host of hat and coat; an offer declined at once, on the plea of more outdoor work to be done. As the latter still lingered, Warren hastened to press his request.

'Of course, if you like to run wild amongst the dust and black beetles, I have no objection,' said the cheery Squire. 'It will do the place no harm to have a little air let in. Only, don't get frightening any of my pretty visitors; I want nothing but Christmas roses here on Christmas morning.'

'The thing is done!' cried Warren theatrically, as the outer door banged behind the Squire. 'Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors, the mystic west wing is about to be reopened, after an interlude of sixty years'—

But any further declamation was checked by a violent ring at the hall bell; a throwing open of doors, and the entry of three people: one an elegant-looking girl, draped and shawled; the second, a tall military figure; and lastly, a young man in a rough tweed ulster—none other than Walter Secretan of Woodside Manor and Pump Court, Temple; and the before-mentioned Colonel Lucas, and Miss Edith Lucas, his daughter.

Warren stopped in the midst of his florid utterance, and would have come forward, but that he felt a hand laid upon his arm. Looking down, he saw an old man bearing some logs of wood, a bent decrepit man, with heavy overhanging brows, and dark, evil-looking eyes. Somewhat surprised, he would have asked the meaning of this strange conduct, save that the ancient servitor held up a warning hand, and said: 'Sixty years, you say—ay, sixty sorrowful, bitter years.—And you would come, another of your hated race, prying into family secrets.—Listen to me, sir; take an old man's advice, and keep away from yonder wing, or your life, perhaps more than that, will pay the forfeit.' And so saying, he was gone.

It was later in the evening before the astonished hearer found an opportunity of discovering the identity of his strange friend. Without disclosing what he had heard, he drew Walter Secretan out somewhat cautiously. That gentleman was tying his white cravat at the time, a matter just then of more importance to him than anything so mundane as a family servant. 'That? Oh, that old fellow was my great-grandfather's valet—Silas Brookes, who went on that mad excursion you have heard of. An excellent servant in his day, but getting a little imbecile, you understand.'

Warren did understand, and held his peace. But all the same he felt that the words he had

heard were the outcome of neither imbecility nor madness. Was he hiding some dark secret, or was it merely rancorous hatred of a Warren that dictated the outburst of bitter spleen?

'ON GUARD' AT THE OPERA.

SOME who visit Covent Garden during the Royal Italian Opera season may be surprised to notice that the theatre is under the protection of a military guard; for provincial theatre-goers at least are certainly unaccustomed to find their places of amusement surrounded by a cordon of sentinels. The occasional presence of an armed party at the opera-house, however, may be regarded as an instance of the survival of old customs in the metropolis. Just as a stealthy glance into a Whitehall sentry-box, where the words 'Tylt Guard' are inscribed on the suspended board of 'orders,' suggests the period when a veritable tilt-yard occupied part of the site of the present Horse Guards, so the sentries in the Covent Garden piazzas remind one of the times when playhouse tumults were not by any means exceptional occurrences.

Though the opera guard is now chiefly, perhaps, for ornamental purposes, it is not necessary to carry a retrospect beyond the beginning of the century to discover that its duties were originally no sinecure. For example, when the appearances of Macready were causing an extraordinary degree of popular excitement, the streets in the vicinity of Covent Garden became blocked by a vast crowd; and what contemporary accounts term a 'terrible catastrophe' was only averted by the intervention of a largely reinforced guard. Again, in 1813, the members of the guard and a disorderly audience came into actual collision—the struggle, curiously enough, taking place on the stage, and the result being that the guardsmen were disarmed, and their 'firelocks' thrown into the orchestra.

In those times, the guard was probably much more numerous than now, when it consists of a sergeant, corporal, drummer, and twelve private soldiers. The party only proceeds to the theatre on special occasions—when royal personages are to form a portion of the audience. Orders are sent to the regiment furnishing the 'public duties' to provide the 'opera;' and sometimes these instructions are very late in arriving, to the confusion of the company sergeants-in-waiting, whose men, if not 'warned' early in the day, are apt to be out of barracks on their own pleasure. Accordingly, on receipt of a late order of this kind, the sergeants-in-waiting may be seen rushing from one barrack-room to another, crying out, 'Best clothing for opera!' and 'warning' the first men they can find, quite irrespective of the duty-roster, which the circumstances render useless.

By seven o'clock the little party has 'formed up,' with the drummer-boy on the right, and two or three 'men in readiness' at some distance on the left. These men, as their designation implies, are 'in readiness' to replace any members of the guard who, from being improperly equipped, or other causes, may happen to be disqualified for going on duty. A staff-sergeant proceeds to inspect and 'prove' the guard. Having completed this important operation, he orders the men to 'stand at ease' for a few moments; and afterwards opens the ranks. At this juncture, two men,

wearing beards, may be observed to approach carrying between them a wooden coal-tray: this contains the ammunition, of which ten rounds, sowed up in coarse canvas, are supplied to each soldier with the exception of the drummer, who is merely armed with a short sword. When the ball-bags have been securely buttoned up, the pioneers with the coal-tray retire, the drummer swings his instrument on his back, and the guard is marched off.

When he has arrived with his 'command' at Covent Garden, the sergeant 'numbers off' the men. Then he proceeds to 'take over' the guardroom and its contents. There is no 'old guard' to relieve; for the opera guard only remains on duty till the conclusion of the performance in the theatre. The guardroom differs materially from most apartments of the kind, and, indeed, its furniture, though far from luxurious, presents an agreeable contrast to the ordinary guard-bed and trestle-tables which one expects to see in such places. In fact, were it not for the rifle-rack and the inevitable Board of Orders hanging over the fireplace, it would be difficult to guess to what purposes the room is devoted. Besides the above-mentioned essential articles, it is simply furnished with a table, an armchair for the commandant, and a number of what may be styled 'kitchen' chairs for the other members of the guard.

Having enjoined his men to divest themselves of the more cumbrous portion of their accoutrements, the sergeant 'falls in' the first relief; and his satellite, the corporal, straightway posts a 'double' sentry at the doorway by which the expected royal party will enter the theatre. Subsequently, he places two single sentinels in other positions. Then the corporal returns to the guardroom, puts his piece in the rack, and begins to make out the roll of the guard, using his bayonet by way of a ruler. While he is so employed, the men off sentry and sitting in the guardroom begin to look anxiously at the sergeant; they appear to be inclined to make some request, but no one is bold enough to take the initiative. The corporal, however, noticing the situation, musters up courage, and hints to his superior officer that he may as well go to 'draw the pay.' This reminds us to mention, in passing, that the opera guard receives extra pay from the theatrical authorities. Accordingly, the sergeant disappears for a few minutes, and returns bearing a small money-bag. Before he has time to inspect the contents of this, the hoarse call of 'Guard, turn out!' causes the men to seize their rifles, and the corporal to throw down his pen and fix his bayonet. Rushing out into the street, the soldiers make their way through a crowd to form up in proper array on the opposite side, where arms are hastily 'shouldered.' A close carriage drives up, arms are 'presented,' the royal party enter the theatre, and the guard 'turns in.'

The sergeant now empties the contents of the money-bag upon the table. Selecting three shillings, he places these in his pouch, already occupied by the ten rounds of ball-cartridge. Then he hands the corporal a florin, and to each of the other men he gives one-and-sixpence. The drummer-boy now asks the corporal for a slip of paper, and takes down what each man desires

for supper. While he has gone out in search of the constituents of this meal, the soldiers produce table-knives, which they have conveyed 'on guard' in a manner that might amuse a civilian observer. One man, for instance, takes off his bearskin cap: he has his knife fixed in the basket-work which supports the interior of this form of headdress. Another, opening his valise, finds a knife and fork inside a boot. A third, having been somewhat abruptly detailed for 'opera,' has thrust a knife amid the folds of his greatcoat. Before very long, the drummer enters the guardroom, having with him a basket of provisions, and a large vessel containing beer, of which each man on guard is entitled to two pints. When the supper has been discussed, the sergeant calls for 'two men for patrols,' and marches off to visit the sentries, whom he shortly afterwards relieves, giving each his eightpence as they arrive in the guardroom.

The sentries 'on opera' are provided with neither sentry-boxes, watchcoats, nor order-boards. Their 'orders' are of a general nature; and as they are all under cover, watchcoats, and especially sentry-boxes, would be superfluous. The 'double' sentry on what is considered the most important post has already been alluded to. One of the single men is placed under the piazzas; his instructions chiefly relate to keeping at a proper distance the gamin class of the neighbourhood, who are frequently disposed to be intrusive. But in this duty the soldier is ably seconded by the policeman, who inspires a considerably greater degree of fear than the armed representative of authority. The remaining sentry mounts duty within the theatre, marching up and down a kind of corridor in a 'smart and soldierlike manner.' His function may be regarded as being purely of an ornamental nature, unless, perhaps, in the event of fire, when he is instructed to 'alarm the guard.' As the guard only continues for three or four hours at the theatre, the amount of 'sentry-go' which falls to the lot of the men cannot be considered severe. Each soldier remains on sentry about an hour; and in addition to this, he may have to go once on 'patrols,' a duty occupying some five minutes.

As the time draws near for the conclusion of the performance, the sergeant reminds all concerned to be ready to turn-out at a moment's notice. The men place their rifles within easy reach, and pass the interval in stowing away their table-knives and adjusting their equipments to 'go off.' Soon the cry of 'Guard, turn out!' is heard. When arms have been presented to the royal party, the commander of the guard gives the order, 'On with your valises,' an order which is obeyed with great alacrity; and in a few minutes the party has commenced its homeward march.

When the opera guard has come pretty near the barracks, the drummer runs on in front, calling at the top of his voice, 'Gate!' After this has been repeated by the sentry of the barrack-guard, the corporal of that body appears with a large bunch of keys, and in a somewhat sleepy manner unlocks the gate. The 'opera' now marches to the spot where it was arrayed for duty in the evening, and is there halted. Two figures advance through the darkness, bearing a coal-tray, in which the soldiers place their ammunition. And

almost before the echo of the stentorian command, 'Dismiss!' has died away, the men of the opera guard have disappeared into their barrack-rooms.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a month later, one of those chill, drizzling November days when London, both urban and suburban, looks more dreary and soul-depressing than at any other time. Matters with Matthew Roding had gone on from bad to worse. At Chesterfield Villa, there were two men in possession—where an inventory of every article it contained had already been taken—one of whom made himself at home in the servants' offices; while the other sat in state in the gorgeous back drawing-room, turning over some of the gilt-edged volumes with languid interest, and refreshing himself copiously at frequent intervals from a can of beer at his elbow. The servants were scandalised, and would have resigned in a body had not their wages been so much in arrear. Horses and carriages had been sent back to the people from whom they had been bought, but not paid for, so as to enable the best to be made of a bad bargain. Mr Roding's balance at his banker's had dwindled to the smallest amount compatible with a balance at all; in ten days' time, acceptances to the tune of seven thousand pounds would fall due, which, so far, he saw no possibility of meeting.

At this time he had not left home for upwards of a week. A bad sore throat had laid him up for two or three days; but after he had got better, he evinced no desire to go near the City. 'What good can I do if I go? None,' he said a hundred times bitterly to himself. For the past three months his life had been one incessant slow torture, and now the time had come when he could bear it no longer. He looked fully ten years older than he had looked six months previously—a man gray, worn, haggard, and prematurely old. Grigson came and went between Throgmorton Street and the villa once a day always, sometimes twice. Bunker, meanwhile, had been transferred from the Bankside office to the City. It was necessary that some one should be on the spot to answer the numerous callers, friendly and unfriendly, but for the most part pertaining to the latter category, all of whom wanted to see Mr Roding in person. For these people, Peter had but one answer. Mr Roding, he told them, was away on the continent, engaged in negotiations of the utmost importance with an eminent foreign firm, and it was quite uncertain when he would be back. Peter believed implicitly what he thus stated to be a fact—Grigson had assured him that it was so; for no power on earth would have induced him wittingly to become the mouthpiece of a lie; and so evident was the old clerk's air of sincerity and good faith, that many people went away believing fully what he had told them; but others there were who laughed in his face, and asked him what he took them for, and muttered anathemas, not loud but deep, on the head of the man whose honeyed phrases and golden promises had led them on so pleasantly to their undoing.

Many women there are—more women than men, perhaps—who accept the inevitable, if not exactly with cheerfulness, yet with a quiet philosophy all their own; who, knowing that what can't be cured must be endured, yield themselves to the endurance part with the best grace possible under the circumstances. But of these women Mrs Roding was not one. Rather did she pertain to that numerous class who regard any misfortune which may befall themselves as a sort of personal affront on the part of providence, while quite ready to concede that their neighbours deserve whatever may fall to their lot out of the same doleful cornucopia. Travellers tell of certain tribes of aborigines who, when their prayers are not answered, or are answered backward, hack or otherwise maltreat the wooden fetich to which they have been offering their supplications only a little while before, in order to show their displeasure at being so scurvily treated. Had Mrs Roding belonged to any such tribe of idolaters, she would certainly have done as they did.

When the blow first fell, she wept till she could weep no more; after that, she passed nearly all her time in the little boudoir which had been fitted up for her special use. Here, with the room half-darkened, she lay on a couch hour after hour in a sort of sullen torpor, rarely speaking to any one, and so evidently desirous that no one should speak to her, that for the most part she was left to eat her heart out in silence and alone. She showed no interest or concern in whatever might be going on in the house. Now that all the pleasant things of life, or such as had been so to her, were slipping from her grasp, she felt as if there was nothing left worth living for. When her child ventured to go near her—for when he saw that she was in trouble, he remembered nothing except that she was his mother—she would weary of his presence in the course of a few minutes and dismiss him abruptly. Then would Freddy take his little troubles to Mary, and find comfort there.

Grandad could scarcely fail to be aware that matters at the villa were not altogether as they should be; but, whatever he might see or hear, he kept the knowledge to himself, and went to and fro in his usual cheery, unruffled way, like a man who has put aside life's cares and anxieties for ever. When he heard that his son was indisposed and obliged to remain indoors, he sought Mrs Roding, and told her that, should Matthew feel dull for want of company, he, Grandad, would willingly sit with him for an hour or two a day till he should be able to get about again. But Mrs Roding scouted the idea. What her husband needed, she told him, was absolute rest and quiet; and company, even the entertaining company of Mr Roding, senior—this with a little curl of the lip—would only tend to make him worse instead of better. Besides which, although he was at home, he still had his correspondence and other matters to attend to.

Grandad bowed his head in mild assent, and thereafter contented himself with an inquiry each morning as to the state of his son's health. On this November afternoon to which we have now come, Matthew Roding sat shut up alone in his room, an elbow resting on either arm of his chair, listening to the moaning of the wind in the chimney, and watching the raindrops

trickle one by one down the window. He heard the wind and he watched the raindrops, but without any conscious effort on his part; they had no share in his thoughts, but served merely as an appropriate setting or framework for them. All within him was dark and dreary; all without was the same; nature seemed to chime in with his mood. He experienced a vague sense of congruity without being definitely conscious thereof.

Now and then his eyes turned and glanced at the clock on the chimney-piece. There were letters he ought to have written, but he did not write them; there were papers he ought to have looked over, but he heeded them not; he could do nothing but wait, wait, wait till the fingers of the clock should point to the hour of four. After that, any moment might bring him the telegram which would announce to him either that he was hopelessly and irretrievably ruined, or else that there was still a final loophole of escape open to him. One last throw was left him in the desperate game he had been playing with Fortune for his opponent. Should the bill of the Burnside and Hilsden Extension Railway pass triumphantly through Committee this afternoon, as he had fair reason to hope it would, then on the morrow the shares would go up like wildfire, and he might even yet be saved. The bill in question was only a very little bill in itself, but a furious battle was being waged over it by two great Companies, and to that fact it owed its importance as a speculative medium in the share market.

The original Burnside and Hilsden Railway was a short local line some thirty miles in length, connecting the two places in question, both of which were fourth-rate country towns of little importance either commercially or otherwise. A short branch of five miles connected the Burnside end of the line with the main line of the South Northern Railway, and thus opened up the world at large to a district which till then had been secluded among wild fells and desolate moors. It had been an article of faith with the promoters of the little line, and for years after it was opened, that some day the South Northern would feel impelled to buy it up—of course at a guaranteed percentage of interest—and assimilate it into its own huge system, as it had assimilated so many petty local lines already. But, so far, the big line had turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of its small neighbour, which, in prosperous years, had never succeeded in paying its shareholders more than an infinitesimal dividend, and in bad years had paid them nothing. So matters had seemed destined to go on for ever.

But one morning there appeared in the *Times* and other papers a lengthy prospectus of the proposed 'Burnside and Hilsden Extension Railway.' The world—or rather that section of it which interests itself in such matters—was struck with surprise. So carefully had the secret been kept, that the day before the prospectus appeared, the Burnside shares had been quoted at forty-five below par, which was the figure round which they had fluctuated, with only slight degrees of variability, for several years past. Now, however, they went up with a bound, till, in the course of a few days, they stood at par. Of course many would-be buyers found to their disgust that

there was nothing left for them to buy, a great proportion of the stock having been bought up by a certain clique who had been in the secret all along. After standing at par or thereabouts for a short time, the Burnside shares began to decline, and several of the more cautious school of speculators, content with the profit they had already netted, took alarm, and became as eager to sell as a little while ago they had been to buy; for the great East Western line, the most formidable of opponents, had announced its intention of fighting the proposed bill tooth and nail, and of throwing all the weight of its vast influence into the scale, in order to have it defeated in Committee. At the same time, it was well known that the South Northern would do all that lay in its power to promote the passage of the bill. It was to be a contest of giants.

Well might the East Western buckle on its armour for the forthcoming fray. What the audacious Extension Bill proposed to do was nothing less than, by means of tunnel and cutting, to pierce the wastes of high-swelling moorland which stretched far and wide at the back of Hilsden, and so, by effecting a junction with the main line of the East Western at a point some score miles further north, and obtaining running powers over it for the remainder of the distance, secure access to the great and fast-increasing manufacturing town of Bellhampton, of the carrying-trade of which the East Western had till now had nearly the sole monopoly. By means of this extension, the hitherto stagnant little Burnside and Hilsden line would become an important link in a new through-route to London and the south, albeit the route in question would be somewhat of a roundabout one.

Matthew Roding had bought heavily when the shares stood a trifle below par, in the full belief that the bill could scarcely fail to pass, in which case the shares would go up again faster than quicksilver after a storm.

All week had the battle been raging before a Parliamentary Committee, and to-day it was expected that the all-important decision would be given; therefore was it that Matthew Roding glanced often at the clock.

One after another the slow minutes dragged themselves away till four o'clock had come and gone. Then Matthew opened the door a little way and sat listening for the double knock which might come at any moment. It had been arranged that Grigson should telegraph from Westminster the moment the result was known, and follow up the message in person as quickly as possible.

At length the long-expected summons came. A moment later the telegram was brought him, but he forbore to open it till the servant had left the room. Then he tore it open with fingers that trembled like those of a man stricken with palsy. The message consisted of three words only, but three words that were pregnant with a terrible significance to him who read them—'Bill thrown out.' That was all, but it was enough. The telegram dropped from his nerveless fingers. He sank back in his chair, and pressed his hands to his heart, as though something were stifling him. His last reed was broken, his last hope strangled. Now that he knew the worst, now that he knew nothing could save him, the tension of his nerves,

which of late had goaded him almost to madness, suddenly gave way. A dull, lethargic apathy began to steal over him. Nothing could matter now; the blow had fallen; he had drunk the cup of bitterness to the dregs.

The afternoon waned and darkened; a servant came in with a lighted lamp and drew the curtains; but Matthew neither stirred nor looked up. Grigson had not yet arrived, but that mattered little; he wanted to listen to no details; the one huge, indisputable fact overshadowed all else. By-and-by there came a tap at the door, which, if Matthew Roding heard it, he did not heed; then the door was opened and Ruff Roding entered. After closing the door, he stood for a moment or two, as if in doubt, and then went slowly forward. Then Matthew looked up, and the eyes of father and son met. Never had Ruff been so shocked at anything as he was now at the changed appearance of his father, whom he had not seen for nearly two years. He felt a choking sensation in his throat, and he crushed back his rising tears as he drew near and held out his hand. 'Father, I heard to-day for the first time that you are in trouble,' he said. 'I have come to see whether I can be of any use to you.'

Matthew let his nerveless hand rest for a moment or two between the young man's warm palms; then he said: 'It's very kind of you to come, Ruff. Not that you can be of any use—nobody can be that—still, it's kind. But sit down, won't you? What a beastly day it is!' He evinced not the slightest surprise at his son's unexpected appearance. It may be that, for the time being, he had lost the faculty of feeling surprised at anything. He sat staring stonily into the fire, taking no further heed of his son's presence. Ruff was at a loss what to say or do; nevertheless, he determined to stay on, for there was a look in his father's face—the look of a hunted animal brought to bay and grown desperate—which rendered him vaguely uneasy. He wished Grandad were there; it seemed strange that he was not; but he had left the house some hours ago, and no one seemed to know when he would return.

'This has been a terrible business, Ruff,' said Matthew at length, rousing himself with a deep sigh, but without turning his gaze from the fire—'a terrible business from beginning to end. I'm glad the end has come. I think I shall sleep soundly to-night, which is more than I've done for the last three months.'

'Is there no hope—no possibility of escape from this dreadful tangle?'

'None,' answered his father laconically—'none.'

A minute later there came a ring at the front door, and presently Grigson came hurrying in. He stared at Ruff, whom he had never seen before, as though wondering who he was, and what had brought him there at such a time.

'You got my telegram, sir, informing you of the result?' he said. Mr Roding merely nodded assent. 'It came on most of us like a thunder-clap,' went on the young clerk, 'although, of course, after Merryfield's speech on the other side, which was certainly a masterpiece, some of us'—

'Spare me the details, Grigson,' broke in Mr Roding. 'The result is enough.—You know what it means, eh?' he added, turning sharply on him.

The latter looked very grave, but did not answer.

'It means ruin, Grigson—ruin absolute and irrevocable.'

'I'm deeply grieved to hear you say so, sir; but I sincerely trust matters are not quite so bad as that.'

'They could not be worse; that would be impossible.' So he spoke, little dreaming what a few hours would bring forth.

'I will not detain you now,' he continued after a short silence. 'But be here in good time in the morning. There are a lot of papers you and I must go through to-morrow.' He turned and held out his hand—a thing he had never done to Grigson before. The young man pressed it respectfully, bending over it a little as he did so; then, with a brief 'Good-night, sir,' he took up his hat and went.

'The Pater seems to set a lot of store by that fellow,' muttered Ruff under his breath; 'but, for all that, there's something in his face I don't half like. What shifty, flickering eyes he has; and what a cruel, white-lipped mouth, which his thin moustache only half serves to hide! I should like the job of painting his portrait. It seems to me that I could bring out on the canvas the hidden soul of the fellow after a fashion which might possibly startle some of his best friends.'

WILD TRIBES OF PATAGONIA.

By the ordinary inhabitants of Europe, a good deal remains to be learned regarding the Argentine Republic. Except by a few persons specially interested in the country, little is known concerning it, even by those of more than average intelligence. Seldom does its name occur in our newspaper columns; topographical accounts of it in ordinary geographical manuals are meagre, and often incorrect; while any reference to the country in common conversation brings out a blank look which indicates the absence of any well-defined ideas about the country or its inhabitants. Yet it is a country of great present interest and much prospective importance. Its geographical extent is enormous. Extending over nearly thirty-five degrees of latitude and twenty of longitude, it has an area of one million one hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles, or a superficies six times that of Germany, France, or Spain, and ten times that of Italy or Great Britain and Ireland. At the close of 1882, the population was estimated at three million twenty-six thousand, of whom three hundred and sixty-three thousand seven hundred and forty-five were foreigners, chiefly Italians, French, Spaniards, Germans, and English, the remainder being Argentines—a mixed race descended from early settlers—together with various tribes of wild Indians, to be found chiefly in the great territory of Patagonia.

The capabilities of the country are prodigious. Supposing the soil to possess, on the average, the same capacity for producing food, and the bowels of the earth to contain raw material wherewith to nourish industry equal to that of Germany—and its capabilities are really much

greater—there is still room enough for two hundred and seventy millions of additional population, who could live in greater comfort than the average inhabitant of the Old World. In its central latitudes, the climate of the Argentine Republic is comparable to the finest parts of Europe. It is milder in winter, but rather hotter in summer, than the climate of Italy. Nowhere in the country is it either completely continental or purely maritime; it is rather a medium between the two, and is of the character best adapted both for the health of man and the productiveness of the soil.

Patagonia, the southern portion of this great country, is a region of vast solitudes, thinly dotted with the huts of Indians, and pastured by wild animals, including the guanaco, the ostrich, and other useful creatures. It is a land of romance, much of it still unexplored, and affording scope for tales with any amount of poetic embellishment. Exploration of the country is progressing; and in occasional records of discovery is contained much valuable information. Among recent explorers, one of the most distinguished is Señor Ramon Lista, a member of the National Academy of Sciences in the Republic, who has lately published in the Spanish language, at Buenos Ayres, a volume containing some account of his discoveries.

Part of this interesting volume is occupied with a description of the Tehuelches, a tribe of Indians, noticed by former travellers, but really not known with any distinctness till the publication of this volume. Specimens of the confused and contradictory statements previously current are furnished by Señor Lista. On the subject of their stature the most opposite opinions have been published about the Tehuelches. Pigafetha long ago described them as giants, saying, 'these men are so large that our head scarcely reaches to their waist.' On the other hand, in the account of Magellan's voyage, published in 1557, the Patagonians are described as two or three handbreadths in height—a handbreadth extending from the end of the thumb to the tip of the little finger extended. In the voyage of Jofre Loaiza (1525-1526), published by Oviedo, it is said 'the men are three handbreadths in height, and the women of equal stature.' In the account of Drake's voyage, published in 1578, the exaggerations of Pigafetha and Oviedo were for the first time contradicted; but Argensada, in his history of the conquest of the Moluccas, quoting the opinion of Sarmiento of Gamboa, in 1579, describes them as nine feet in height. No notice of their stature was given in the published accounts of the voyages of Cavendish, the inference from which is that nothing remarkable was observed. Richard Hawkins, in 1593, considered them to be real giants; and in 1599, Olivier de Noart described them as men of lofty stature. Commodore Byron, who cruised in the Strait of Magellan, in 1764, with the ships *Dolphin* and *Tamar*, described the Patagonians as not only men of high stature but actual giants. In 1767, Captain Wallis, who likewise passed the Strait, saw those 'giants,' but said the majority of them were scarcely five feet six inches in height. The naturalist D'Orbigny, who took some measurements among the Indians of the Rio Negro, has placed their average height

at five feet nine inches. The explorer Musters makes them six feet high. The two last-named authors are considered by Lista to have come nearest the truth. Seven of the Tehuelches, whom he had personally measured, gave an average of six feet two inches. The Indian Hawke measured little more than six feet three inches, and was the tallest man known to him. The chief Orkeke measured more or less about the same. The women are not so tall as the men; but their exact measurement he could not give, as they would not allow it to be taken. The Tehuelches, therefore, are regarded by Señor Lista as the tallest men in the world. They are often strong, with feet comparatively small, thick heads, hair black and long, eyes black, large, and a little oblique, as among the Chinese and the Kassequers; the face oval, the forehead convex, the nose aquiline, the mouth large, and the lips thick.

Among Indians without any mixture of European blood, it is not rare to see the upper teeth worn to the root through mastication; but they are almost never decayed. This is one of their most remarkable ethnological characteristics, and is common to nearly all races of indigenous Americans. The same feature has been observed in the prehistoric skulls of Minnanes, Puelches, and Tehuelches, in Señor Lista's anthropological collection. This phenomenon has engaged the attention of naturalists, but no rational explanation has been obtained. The distinguished naturalist, Dr Lacerda, observed the perfection of teeth and the absence of decay in races indigenous to Brazil. Among a multitude of skulls which form the collection in the museum of Buenos Ayres, only one has been observed with any appearance of decay, which had resulted in perforation in an upper tooth. This cannot be explained by the nature or quality of the food consumed; and it is all the more extraordinary because the partial destruction of the upper teeth would naturally predispose to the decay of those below.

The colour of the Tehuelches varies in different individuals. Indians of pure race have a blackish olive colour, which becomes more marked with the advance of years. In mixed breeds, there is observable a colour more clear, and like that of a European. This was conspicuous in a chief called Csom Chingan, who described himself as the son of an Indian woman and an inhabitant of Carmen of Patagonia. Csom Chingan measures about six feet, and prides himself on having a very little moustache, which Indians in general have not, having only a growth of down on the upper lip.

The men are generally strong, and sometimes graceful; the women are robust, gracious, and of beautiful form; but, with advancing years, they become positively ugly in appearance. There is never seen among these Indians any one crooked, handless, or a cripple.

The Tehuelches are very indolent about the necessities of life, but display much activity in connection with their pleasures, especially dancing, gambling, and drinking. Dancing is with them an important occupation, to which they resort in all the principal events of life. The passion for play is very great. After a fit of drunkenness, they will sit round the fire and play for their horses, their dogs, and even their arms.

The dress of these Indians is very peculiar. The clothes of the men consist of a chiripá, made of cotton or woollen, a plaid of guanaco skin, and sometimes a shirt, with loose drawers half a yard wide at the foot, which they buy at Pinta Arena, or in Carmen of Patagonia. They wear likewise a waistband decorated with silver, and a head-dress and boots made of horse-skin. The women usually wear a gown of woollen or cotton, without sleeves, which covers them from the shoulders to the ankles. At the top of this, in all seasons, is a cape of skin or of woollen cloth, which the rich women secure across the chest with a silver pin of ten or twelve centimetres in length. The other objects of decoration which make up the feminine dress consist of shining beads, hats made of straw, and silver earrings, which are worn likewise by men and boys. Both men and women paint their faces and their arms with ochre, sometimes black, which is said to protect the skin best from the solar rays and the dryness of the atmosphere; but chiefly red, which is most easily obtained.

The Tehuelches have a distinct language, which does not appear to have altered much for at least a century. Any little changes observable have arisen either from the change of conditions incident to all languages, from the sound of words as presented to the ear, or from the nationality of each traveller who took note of the language. They have no system of writing, and their traditions are very confused. Some old people say that in remote times their tribes consisted of many thousands; but a great deluge which covered the whole low lands had caused the destruction of multitudes, and the few who remained saved themselves by ascending the higher grounds. This tradition is interesting, referring, as it obviously does, though vaguely, to a great flood which has at one time destroyed a great part of the existing fauna. They have no religious symbols or ceremonies; but the custom of burying the dead in the position occupied by infants at the maternal bosom is thought to imply a belief in the dogma of the resurrection. They believe in the existence of a malignant spirit called Walichu, who alone causes all infirmities and misfortunes, and against whom they try to fortify themselves by means of sorcery. The 'Chouka Doctor,' to whom they resort, employs, for the alleviation of infirmities, certain vegetable remedies; but when these are not efficacious, efforts are directed to exorcise the evil spirit. With this object in view, they assemble the men and women of the tribe; then they shout and strike the tent where the sick person is, with the design, apparently, to frighten away the evil spirit. Sometimes the parents or friends of the patient leap on horseback and gallop off at full speed, by which means they assure themselves that the Walichu is left far behind.

The marriage ceremony among the Tehuelches is very simple: when a young man wishes to marry, and has in view any desirable young woman, he decorates his person with his finest clothes and with the best ornaments in his possession. Thus arrayed, he seeks an interview with the father, mother, or other nearest relatives of the damsel, to whom he offers some dogs or articles made of silver. Should his presents be accepted, the marriage is arranged and concluded. The newly married couple now live under the

same tent, where a ball is given on the day after the marriage. When night comes, the feast is concluded with a general round of drinking, if sufficient alcohol can be obtained.

Both men and women among the Tehuelches are great smokers. The pipes are made of wood, or stone, generally with silver or copper tubes, and are made by the people themselves.

Though indolent in habit, they are great hunters, and have numerous packs of mongrel greyhounds, the usefulness of which is so much appreciated, that for a young and swift dog they will pay as much as sixty dollars (twelve pounds), which may be in silver or in estimated articles, such as feathers or rugs of guanaco skin. When these Indians are not occupied with the chase or in breaking horses, they pass the time in lying with their faces downward, or in making saddles, boleadoras, and whips, or spurs, which they make of hard wood.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ANCIENT SYBARIS.

ALL lovers of classic archaeology will be pleased to learn that the Italian government has decided upon granting funds for the exploration and examination, by carefully conducted excavations, of the site of the ancient and interesting city of Sybaris, which, as is commonly believed, owed its ultimate decay and downfall to the excessive luxury of its citizens. They were once a really brave and warlike people, but degenerated into such effeminacy that they fell an easy prey to the inhabitants of the sister-town, Croton, the city of Pythagoras, by whom they were conquered, and the city utterly destroyed (B.C. 510) by turning the waters of the river Crathis so that they flowed over and covered the site. The city was situated in Lucania, in Italy, at the mouth of the river, on the Bay of Tarentum, the present Taranto, and was founded by a colony of Achæans. It soon became rich and powerful, and at one period had the command of four adjacent nations, of twenty-five important towns, and also of an army of three hundred thousand men. The circuit of the city walls is said to have been nearly seven miles in extent, and the immense suburbs covered a space of eight miles along the banks of the Crathis. Though often destroyed, Sybaris always seemed to have the power of rising from her ruins, to be rebuilt, and to become as powerful as ever, until finally destroyed by the Crotonians. The site of the ancient city having been determined by the French archaeologist M. Lenormant, no difficulty will arise on that head, and the excavations will be commenced shortly. A vast layer of earth, many feet in thickness, has accumulated over the ruins of Sybaris during the space of nearly two thousand four hundred years which have elapsed since its final destruction; and it is believed that the exploration of this mound of earth will be rewarded by the discovery of many objects of great interest, which perhaps may help to give a vivid picture of Hellenic manners, customs, and home-life at that far-off period. The site of the remains is situated near the railway station of Buffaloria, in the valley through which the river Crati now runs, and close to the town of Cassano,

situated on the western side of the Gulf of Taranto. The reports of the excavations will be anxiously looked for by all who feel an interest in this remarkable exploration, and it is to be hoped that the work will be carried out with energy.

AN ECONOMICAL STEAM-BOILER.

The announcement in the *Times* that a new steam-boiler had been patented, the use of which would effect an economy of upwards of forty per cent. in the consumption of coal, has been followed by the exhibition at Millwall of a new furnace and steam-generator, for which its inventor, Mr T. Lishman, claims even more surprising results. Its chief features appear to be the total consumption of smoke, and the utilisation of the heat produced to the utmost possible extent before the gases are allowed to escape. A large number of gentlemen connected with shipping, engineering, and manufactures attended the inspection; and at a subsequent gathering, at which Mr J. C. Wakefield, of the firm of Inglis and Wakefield, Glasgow, presided, Mr Lishman explained the details of his invention, and stated that it had been practically tested at Sir William Armstrong's Elswick works and elsewhere, in comparison with the ordinary steam-boiler; and with a smaller consumption of fuel, had evaporated fourteen and three-quarter pounds of water for each pound of fuel consumed, as against an evaporation of eight pounds in the ordinary boiler. The general result of the tests was to show that the new apparatus would effect a saving of from fifty to seventy-five per cent. in the consumption of fuel, while its complete combustion of smoke would render chimney-shafts unnecessary. It is intended to fit up one of the generators in Messrs Inglis and Wakefield's works, and its practical working will be watched with the greatest interest.

THE HEART SHALL FIND ITS EDEN YET.

FULL many a day which darkly dawns
And shadows forth a world of cares,
With sudden light grows clear and bright,
And Noon a sun-gold crownlet wears.
Thus shall it be with eyes tear-wet,
The heart shall find its Eden yet.

Come shine or shade, come joy or woe,
To cheer or sadden fleeting hours,
A little while and life shall smile,
And all the earth be decked with flowers.

For all who on this weeping earth
Grow old beneath the toil and pain,
At night or noon, or late or soon,
Shall find the heart grow young again.

The brightest hours are still to come,
The fairest days, the noblest years;
For shining skies and sunny eyes
Shall bid a long farewell to tears:
Through Love's bright gates wide open set,
The heart shall find its Eden yet.

DAVID R. AITKEN.

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